

HAUNTED

NO. 1
SEPT.
CDC

HAUNTED 15¢

REVENGE of the SLAVE GHOST



"ABOUT TIME"



"ROOM OF MADNESS"



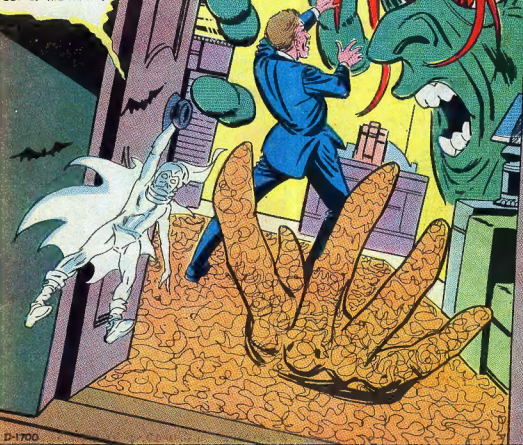
THE ROOM OF MADNESS!

STOP, BEFORE YOU ENTER THIS ROOM, INFIDELS.....LEST YOU SOIL THIS UNBELIEVABLY BEAUTIFUL ORIENTAL RUG, THE CREATION OF A PERSIAN RUGMAKER IN TABRIZ WHENCE CAME THE FINEST RUGS EVER MADE BY MAN!

YES, UNBELIEVERS, PAUSE ERE YE CROSS THE THRESHOLD...FOR IT IS ACCURSED.... LOOK CLOSELY AND SEE WHAT IT IS THAT DROVE THE OWNER OF THE TABRIZ ROSE (THE NAME OF THE RUG) OUT OF HIS MIND!

I DID WHAT ANY MAN WOULD DO TO MAKE MONEY! YOU CAN'T BLAME ME FOR....
AAAAHHH!

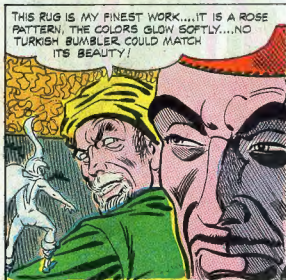
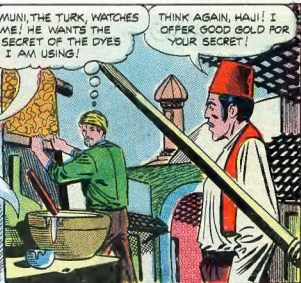
I'M SORRY! PLEASE....DON'T DESTROY ME AS YOU DID THE OTHERS!



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AAAAAAGGGHH!



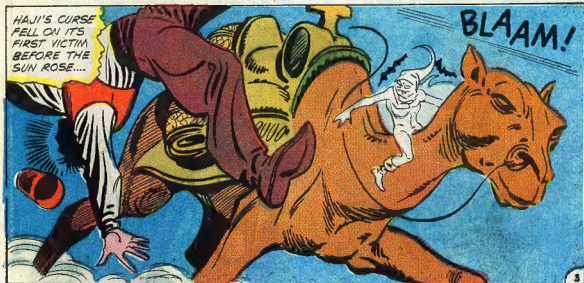
IT WAS HAJI'S RAGGED SCREAM YOU HEARD...
AND NOW, WE HEAR HAJI'S LAST WORDS AS
LIFE LEAVES HIM!



THE TURK FLED WITH THE RUG AND THE
CURSE OF HAJI ECHOING IN HIS EARS....



HAJI'S CURSE
FELL ON ITS
FIRST VICTIM
BEFORE THE
SUN ROSE....



THE PRICELESS CREATION OF HAJI WAS INDEED CURSED! A MONEY-LENDER IN CONSTANTINOPLE ACQUIRED IT....AND DIED, SLAIN BY AN IMPOVERISHED VICTIM! HIS HEIRS SOLD IT TO A GERMAN PLUNDERER IN 1942! HE PRESENTED IT TO....

RECENTLY HE HAS BEEN MORE DISTURBED THAN USUAL! IT IS THAT ROOM.... SOMETHING IN THAT ROOM IS DRIVING HIM MAD!



AFTER THE CATACLYSMIC EVENTS OF 1945 (THE OWNER PICTURED IN THE PRECEDING PANEL WAS A RAVING LUNATIC, THEY SAY, IN HIS LAST DAYS) THE RUG WENT UNDERGROUND.... PLUNDERED BY ONE OF THE RUSSIAN OCCUPYING FORCES, NO DOUBT....

CRATE IT AND SEND IT TO MY HOME IN MOSCOW!



FROM MOSCOW TO AN EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON.... WHERE, SOMEHOW, IT WAS SOLD AND REPLACED BY A COUNTERFEIT... AND THENCE TO A DEALER IN NEW YORK CITY!

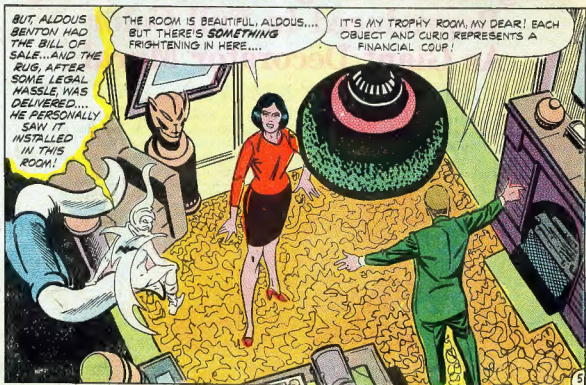
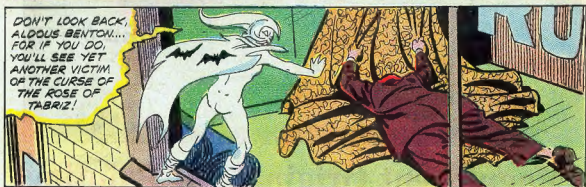
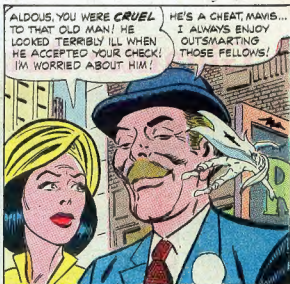
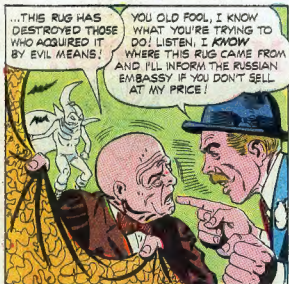
ALDOUS, MR. BLOTZ SAYS THE TABRIZ ROSE IS THE FINEST PERSIAN RUG HE'S EVER HANDLED!

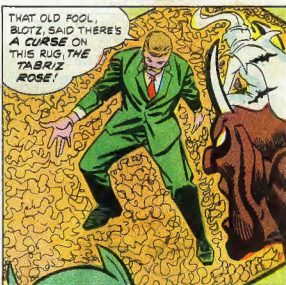
AND YOU'RE FOOL ENOUGH TO BELIEVE HIM? LISTEN, BLOTZ, I'LL PAY YOU HALF YOUR ASKING PRICE!

NEVER, MR. BENTON! IF YOU HAGGLE OVER THIS RUG, I'LL REFUSE TO DO BUSINESS AT ANY PRICE! I MUST WARN YOU....



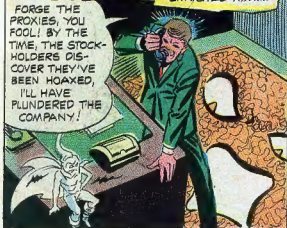
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HERE, IN THIS ROOM, ALDOUS BENTON DROVE HIMSELF TO GREATER AND GREATER EXCESSES AGAINST THE SOCIETY WHICH HAD ENRICHED HIM....

FORGE THE PROXIES, YOU FOOL! BY THE TIME, THE STOCKHOLDERS DISCOVER THEY'VE BEEN HOAXED, I'LL HAVE PLUNDERED THE COMPANY!



I'M GETTING SMARTER LATELY! ONCE I WOULD'VE HESITATED ABOUT THIS DEAL.... BUT NOW I DON'T CARE WHO GETS HURT!

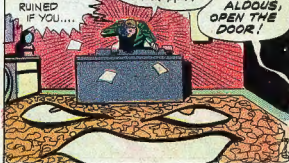


SNUG IN HIS LITTLE ROOM WHERE HE SPINS HIS WEB OF EVIL, ALDOUS BENTON GETS RICHER AND RICHER....MADDER AND MADDER!

I BEG OF YOU, MR. BENTON, GIVE US FORTY-EIGHT HOURS! WE'LL BE RUINED IF YOU....

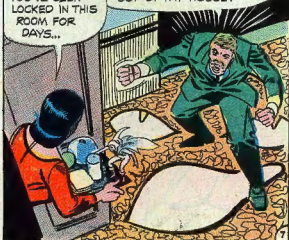
RUINED! HAHAHAHAAAA! THAT'S WHAT I WANTED, YOU FOOL! I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE MONEY.... HAHAHAAAA

ALDOUS, OPEN THE DOOR!



ALDOUS, YOU MUST EAT! YOU'VE BEEN LOCKED IN THIS ROOM FOR DAYS...

STOP NAGGING, MAVIS! LET ME ALONE OR I'LL THROW YOU OUT OF MY HOUSE!



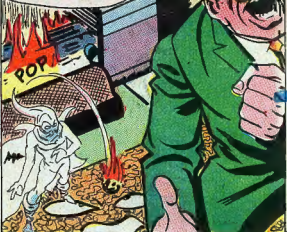
THE EVIL OF THIS MAN WAS INFINITE! EVEN HAJI'S CURSE SEEMED UNABLE TO END THE HARM HE BROUGHT TO THOSE AROUND HIM....

HAHA HAHA

I ALREADY HAVE PLANS TO GET RID OF YOU, MAVIS!

SOB; ALDOUS, YOU'VE CHANGED.

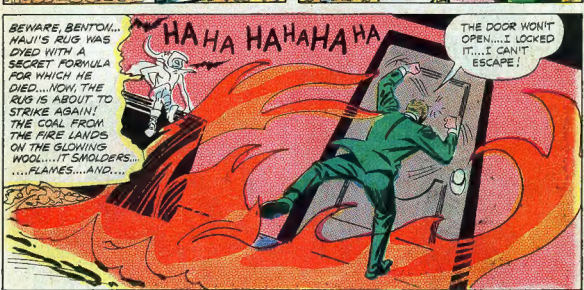
HAHAHAHAHAHA. THE FOOLS....I'VE BEATEN THEM ALL!



BEWARE, BENTON!... HAJI'S RUG WAS DYED WITH A SECRET FORMULA FOR WHICH HE DIED....NOW, THE RUG IS ABOUT TO STRIKE AGAIN! THE COAL FROM THE FIRE LANDS ON THE GLOWING WOOL....IT SMOLDERS....FLAMES....AND....

HAHA HAHAHAHA

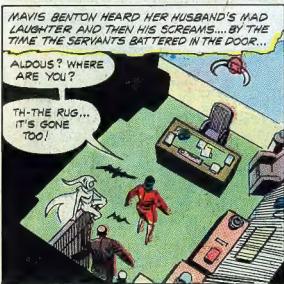
THE DOOR WON'T OPEN....I LOCKED IT....I CAN'T ESCAPE!



MAVIS BENTON HEARD HER HUSBAND'S MAD LAUGHTER AND THEN HIS SCREAMS....BY THE TIME THE SERVANTS BATTERED IN THE DOOR...

ALDOUS? WHERE ARE YOU?

TH-THE RUG... IT'S GONE TOO!



NEITHER ALDOUS NOR THE TABRIZ ROSE RUG WERE SEEN AGAIN! AND THE ROOM OF MADNESS WAS CLOSED UP FOREVER...



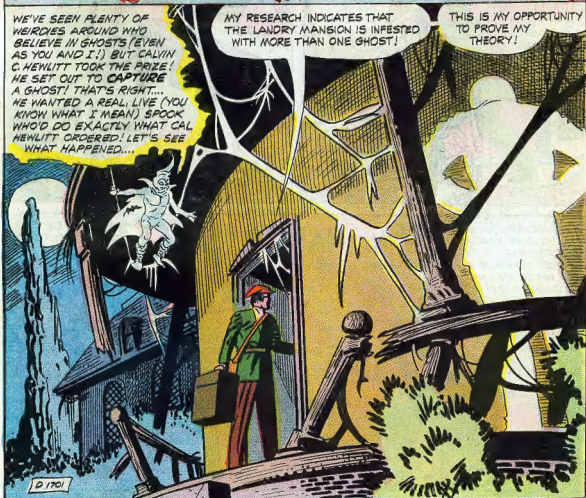
END

REVENGE of the SLAVE GHOST!

WE'VE SEEN PLENTY OF WEIRDIES AROUND WHO BELIEVE IN GHOSTS (EVEN AS YOU AND I!) BUT CALVIN C. HEWLITT TOOK THE PRIZE! HE SET OUT TO CAPTURE A GHOST! THAT'S RIGHT... HE WANTED A REAL, LIVE (YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN) SPOOK WHO'D DO EXACTLY WHAT CAL HEWLITT ORDERED! LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENED....

MY RESEARCH INDICATES THAT THE LANDRY MANSION IS INFESTED WITH MORE THAN ONE GHOST!

THIS IS MY OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE MY THEORY!

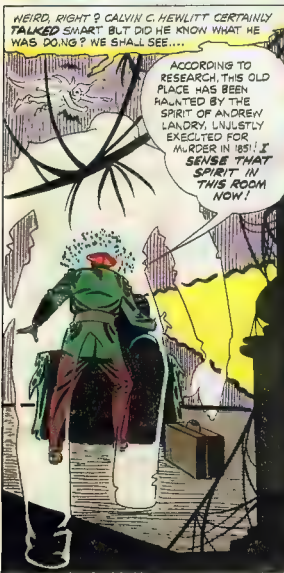


IT'S AT LEAST 50 DEGREES COLDER IN HERE... A CERTAIN SIGN OF SPIRITS!



THERE! NOW TO REVIEW MY THEORY...





CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

YOU CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME AWAY, LANDRY! I CAME HERE SPECIFICALLY TO SEE YOU! YES, LANDRY....



JUST STEP INTO THIS ABSOLUTE-ZERO-FOCUSED BEAM, LANDRY!



WHAT IN HADES WAS THIS NUT UP TO? WHY BOTHER FREEZING A GHOST?

IF YOU'RE TIRED OF BEING STUCK INSIDE THIS CRUMBLING OLD RUIN, LANDRY....IF YOU WANT TO DO THINGS ONCE MORE.....STEP INTO THAT ZERO-BEAM!



....TO SEE YOU! THIS DEVICE CAN RESTORE YOU TO A DEFINITE PHYSICAL DIMENSION. YOU CAN REMAIN MATERIALIZED INDEFINITELY!



SUDDENLY, CALVIN C. HEWLITT'S SENSES WERE NUMBED BY A SCREAMING AND ROARING....HIS EYES WERE ASSAULTED BY A VISION SUCH AS NO MAN HAD EVER SEEN! THE GHOST OF ANDREW LANDRY WAS MAKING A SUPREME EFFORT TO ESTABLISH SUPREMACY!



ALMOST DRIVEN MAD BY THE ASSAULT ON HIS MIND, HEWLITT BRAVED THAT ATTACK....HE DEFIED LANDRY AND WHOMEVER ELSE WAS PRESENT!

DO IT, LANDRY! TOGETHER WE WILL CONQUER ALL WHO STAND BEFORE US!



STEP INTO THE BEAM, LANDRY!
GO ON DO AS I SAY!



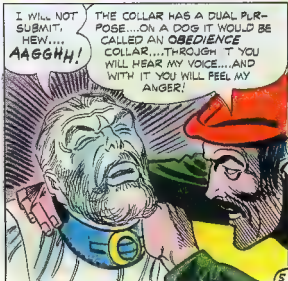
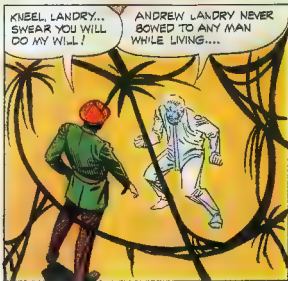
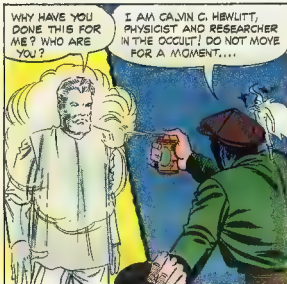
HEWLITT'S VOICE RASPED WITH AUTHORITY!
AND LANDRY'S GHOST FELT THE IMPACT OF HEWLITT'S MIND!

OBEY, LANDRY! YOU
CAN NOT REFUSE TO
OBEY!



I CAN SEE YOU
CLEARLY, LANDRY!
I AM RESTORING
TO YOU A FORM
OF LIFE....DO AS I
BID YOU AND I
SHALL LET YOU
EXIST....DISOBEY
AND I WILL BANISH
YOU TO NOTHING-
NESS ONCE MORE!





HEWLITT HAD A TINY ULTRA-HIGH FREQUENCY TRANSMITTER WHICH CAUSED HIS SLAVE GHOST GREAT AGONY WHEN HEWLITT PUSHED THE BUTTON! NOW, THE PHYSICIST WAS READY...

SOME TOOLS HAVE OBSTRUCTED MY PLANS, SLAVE! THEY HAVE DENIED ME THE FUNDS I REQUIRE TO CONTINUE MY RESEARCH! YOU MUST DESTROY THEM!



YOU ARE EVIL, HEWLITT! WHILE I LIVED, I HARMED NO MAN... I WILL NOT DO THAT WHICH IS FOREIGN TO MY NATURE!

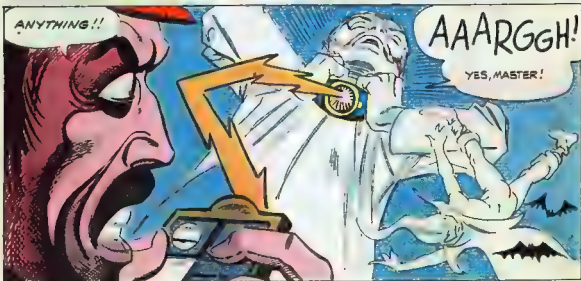
YOU WILL DO ANYTHING I COMMAND!



ANYTHING!!

AAARGGH!

YES, MASTER!



LANDRY'S FIRST ASSIGNMENT WAS TO KILL A MEMBER OF THE BOARD AT THE UNIVERSITY WHICH HAD DISMISSED G.G. HEWLITT.

NOW, LANDRY, KILL HIM!



YAAAGHH!

NO...NO, GET AWAY FROM ME!



FRANTIC WITH FEAR, J.O. WINTON RAN
SCREAMING AND....

COME
BACK.

I HEARD WINTER'S
SCREAM....LANDRY'S
GHOST WILL SERVE
ME WELL! HEH
HEH HEH!

CRASH

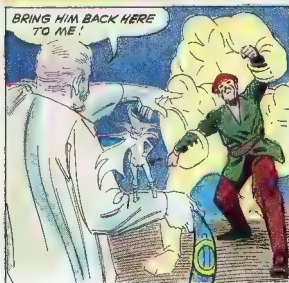
DRIVEN BY HIS MASTER, LANDRY'S GHOST
HAUNTED CALVIN C. HEWLITT'S ENEMIES....NEVER
QUITE ACCOMPLISHING HEWLITT'S VICIOUS
AIMS, HOWEVER!

YOU DEFIED ME,
LANDRY! I TOLD
YOU TO KILL....YOU
REFUSED!

I WAS NOT AN EVIL MAN
WHILE LIVING....I WILL NOT
DO YOUR EVIL....NO, HEWLITT..
...DON'T DO THAT AGAIN!

YOU WILL
OBEY, SLAVE!

EEE-IIGHH!!!



IT'S ABOUT TYME

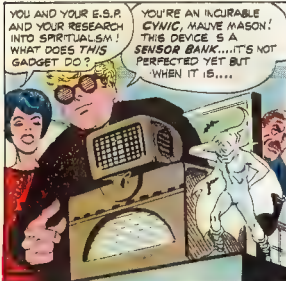
WELL WELL I SEE I HAVE VISITORS HERE IN MY COZY LITTLE CRYPT....COME RIGHT IN HEH HEH HEH, DON'T BE SHY! SOME PEOPLE ARE A LITTLE EDDY IN A PLACE LIKE THIS....SKELETONS AND BATS AND THINGS THAT SLITHER THROUGH THE DARKNESS MAKE THEM SQUIRM, HEH HEH HEH! PERHAPS EVEN I MAKE YOU NERVOUS ...LOVABLE AS I AM HEH HEH HEH!
DUST OFF THAT BURIAL URN IN THE CORNER AND REST AWHILE.... I HAVE A LITTLE SHOCKER TO RELATE....IT'S ABOUT TYME!

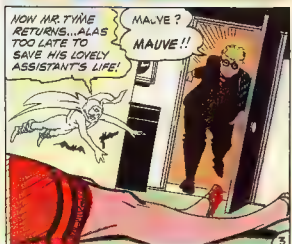
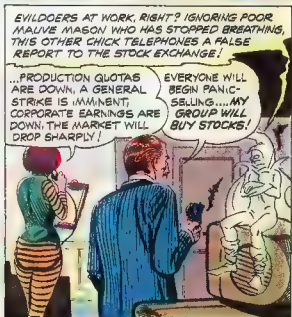
YOU MISSED THE OFFICE PARTY YESTERDAY, MR. TYME....YOU PROBABLY WENT TO THAT EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION MEETING!

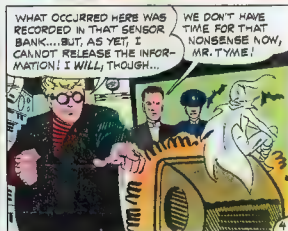
I DID NOT ATTEND IN THE SENSE THAT YOU MEAN, MISS MASON....BUT I WAS AWARE OF THE ENTIRE PROCEEDINGS....THROUGH MY HIGHLY-DEVELOPED E.S.P.!!

THE MASON GIRL AND THE CHUBBY COMPUTER ENGINEER ARE HERE, 9! I'LL SIGNAL WHEN I WANT THE OPERATION TO BEGIN!









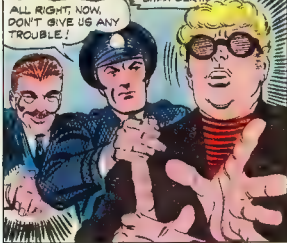
I FOUND THIS STOCK PURCHASE ORDER SEIZE
ON HIS DESK, HOWARD! MR. TYME
IS BUYING STOCK WHILE EVERY-
ONE ELSE IS SELLING; HE
MURDERED MISS MASON!

H.M.,
CAPTAIN!



IT LOOKS LIKE MR. GRUBB'S FRAME-UP IS
GOING TO LAND MR. TYME IN THE GAS
CHAMBER...

ALL RIGHT, NOW,
DON'T GIVE US ANY
TROUBLE!



I WANT THAT
MAN THROWN IN
JAIL! GRAB HIM!

YOU GRAB HIM, MISTER....
HE'S HIGH VOLTAGE!

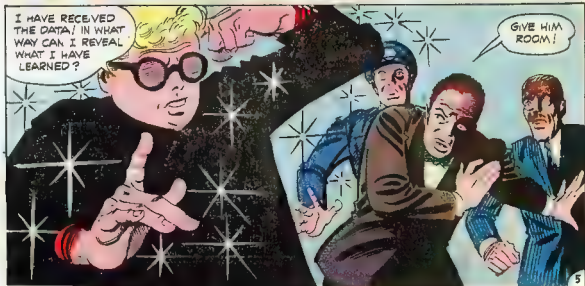


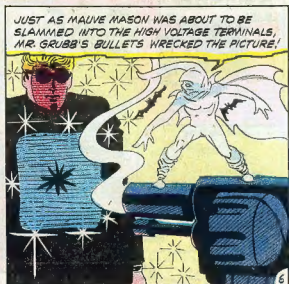
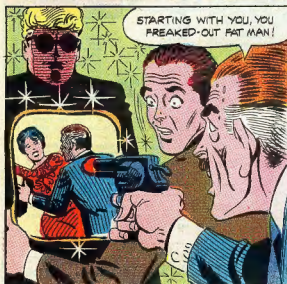
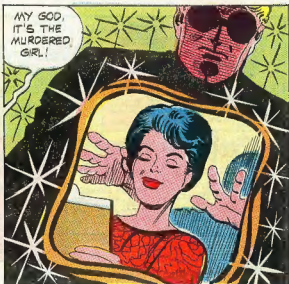
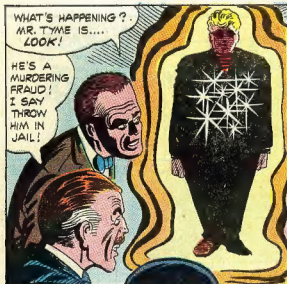
STAND AWAY FROM
ME! I AM RECEIVING
INFORMATION!

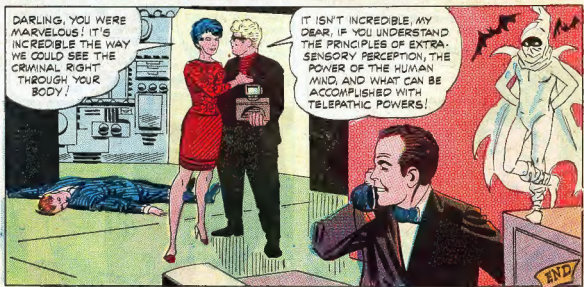
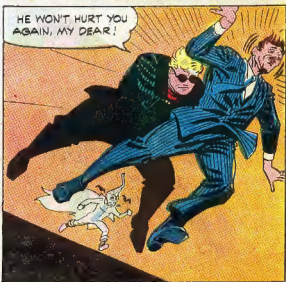
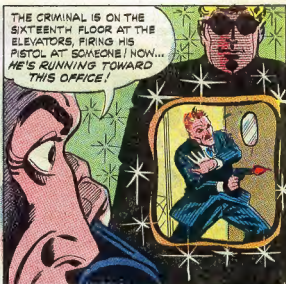
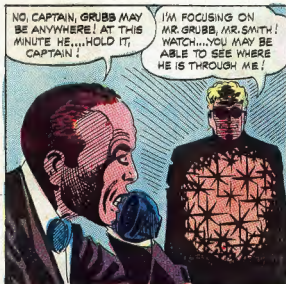


I HAVE RECEIVED
THE DATA! IN WHAT
WAY CAN I REVEAL
WHAT I HAVE
LEARNED?

GIVE HIM
ROOM!







TRANSMUTATION TROUBLE

There was a definite look of shock and surprise on the face of Commissioner John Campell as he faced Frank Gifford, the world's most famous hunter.

"I just can't believe that a man like yourself would accept the ancient story that a human being can be changed into an animal. Too fantastic for my brain to comprehend. You must be fooling. For some unknown reason."

"I am very serious," insisted Frank Gifford. "What is called the belief in Transmutation goes back to the dawn of man's early history. And you still find it in different parts of the world. As you well know, for centuries men have feared werewolves. And people still believe that witches can change young girls into deer. The so-called witch dance of the doe. Surely, I grant you that in your terms I am a very civilized man. But I also know that there exists another world. Of magic, witches, devils, and spells. You can't deny the stories that have reached London about the practice of black magic in the outer areas of the territory. That is why I am here.

I am going out only with my one trusted gun-bearer, Ali Jumali. I will find where the deer meet and dance. I will not kill one of them. Because if I did, then the person whose spirit is in that deer or doe, would die. But if I graze the head with a silver bullet, the spell is broken. Never again can that person be forced to become an animal."

"Another ten minutes and I think you would convince me of what you are saying is true," sighed Commissioner John Campell. "I want you to have supper with us this evening, and by us, I mean my daughter Elaine."

Frank Gifford accepted the invitation and that evening found himself facing a very charming young lady.

"It is not proper to make fun of one's guest," she smiled. "So I will say nothing about what father told me. Except to wonder how such a man like yourself can believe in witchcraft."

"You have a most bewitching smile," he replied. "And in it is a form of magic itself. Can capture a man's heart."

He left early as he wanted to be up with the sun. Then he and his gun bearer rode in a jeep to the edge of the National Preserves. They

showed their permit to the guard at the entrance. Then went on foot for several hours.

"We rest here," said the hunter to Ali Jumali. "At the full moon we should have a surprise."

They ate but little. The sun went down and darkness came over the area. And then the full moon, almost like a saucer with a red tinge to it, came into the sky. And then they quietly watched does and stags assemble in the open area before them. One doe was in the center. There was a small circle of the does around her. And then another circle of the stags around that circle. They would run first to the left. And then to the right. Performing the ancient dance rituals of the transmuted human beings.

The night sights on his rifle had been carefully adjusted. Frank Gifford raised the rifle to his shoulder. He took careful aim. There was a silver bullet in the chamber of his rifle. He watched the little doe in the center of the ring. Then slowly and carefully he squeezed the trigger. At the sound of the gun, the animals all stopped. His aim had been true. The animals all fled except a gigantic stag. The animal roared and lowered its head. Its powerful antlers could be deadly weapons of destruction. It charged directly at the hunter. Who nimbly and quickly stepped out of its way. And the antlers hit the tree and were broken.

The animal began to shrink. There was a smell of something unearthly. Like the brimstone of the Underworld being burned. And then it was no more. The evil it signified had been destroyed. The hunter waited until morning. Then they looked at the tracks on the ground. Not the hoofs of animals but the footprints of humans.

When they returned, Frank Gifford went to see the Commissioner.

"My daughter had an accident last night," he said. "She fell out of bed. Just a scalp injury. Yet surprising as it seems, she feels very cheerful. She wants to say something to you."

"I don't know how to word it," began Elaine Campbell. "I had some kind of a nightmare. I know you saved me in my dream. And when I awoke, I was on the floor. Must have struck my head against the bedpost."

He knew his mission had been successful. To give his best to fight the spell of Evil wherever it might be.